

Dr. Campbell's Disposit

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FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1907.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.—Chas. Lamb.

THE PRESIDENT'S CHUCKLE.

In his speech to the editors at the Jamestown Exposition, President Roosevelt said: "I speak diffidently about the income tax, because one scheme of an income tax was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court by a five to four vote."  
In cold type that appears to be a casual observation, merely "made in passing." But as the President spoke the lines they produced a very different impression upon at least some of his hearers. "I speak diffidently about the income tax," said he in a natural tone, "because one scheme of an income tax was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court"—then, with the President's peculiar and significant chuckle—"by a five to four vote." What did he mean by the chuckle? Why did he emphasize the "five to four vote," and grin so significantly at the newspaper men?

The Democratic platform of 1896 contained the following plank: "We declare that it is the duty of Congress to use all the constitutional power which remains after that decision"—the five to four decision referred to by President Roosevelt—"or which may come from its reversal by the court as it may hereafter be constituted, so that the burdens of taxation may be equally and impartially laid, to the end that wealth may bear its due proportion of the expenses of government."

This declaration was bitterly denounced by all Republicans and by some Democrats as revolutionary and a threat against the Supreme Court of the United States; and to many was even more objectionable than the free silver plank of the platform. But was it more of a threat than the President's chuckle at Jamestown? Did not that chuckle mean that the court "as hereafter constituted" would declare an income tax to be constitutional? It meant that, or it meant nothing.

How the times have changed since the Roosevelt revolution began. Threats against the Supreme Court now attract no attention. They are taken as a matter of course.

THE FORCE OF CHARACTER.

The public career of Senator Morgan emphasizes the fact that there is no honorable success without character, and that character always succeeds. Senator Morgan never sought popularity. To the contrary, he was often found on the unpopular side of public questions. But no matter what stand he took, his own constituency, his associates in Congress, and the nation, knew that it was an honest stand; and while he was not always approved, he was always respected. This trust in his integrity of character was well illustrated in his persistent advocacy of the Nicaraguan route of the Inter-oceanic canal. In such an attitude some men would have been suspected of a selfish motive. But there was no suspicion against Senator Morgan, for the people knew that in every condition he kept in view the public interest, and that only.

The people are not so blind as some politicians and corporation officials seem to think. They are good judges of human nature, and they easily differentiate between a demagogue and a man of sincerity. They cannot long be deceived. They are quick to recognize character, and they always respect it. Senator Morgan's honorable and honored life is a useful lesson to time-servers.

RICHMOND AND THE REUNION.

The manner in which Richmond entertained the Confederate veterans and the vast throng of visitors during the recent reunion was a first-rate advertisement of the capabilities, enterprise and hospitality of the city. It was of great value to us in a commercial way, to say nothing of sentiment and the satisfaction which duty well discharged always brings. All the veterans with whom we talked, from General Lee to "Privates in the ranks," expressed themselves as being more than pleased with the treatment they received and with the masterly manner in which Richmond handled the situation. Several of them wrote communications to express their appreciation, and here is a tribute from another of them, contributed through the Seneca, S. C. Journal:

Mr. D. T. Leavelle returned Thursday morning from the great Confederate Reunion and says, "There could not have been a better time anywhere. The sleeping arrangements were not perfectly comfortable, but considering the number of visitors and the unseasonable weather, better could not be expected, and all good things to eat—such as only Southern people know how to prepare—there was abundance. They told us not to spend five cents for anything to eat—and there was no lack of food. I was not accustomed to much at home—you can always mark them. It is estimated that from fifty to eighty thousand veterans were present, and there was the least drunkenness and disorder I ever saw in such a crowd. When the Davis Monument was unveiled Monday, I heard that General Stephen D. Lee estimated the attendance between a hundred and twenty-five and a hundred and fifty thousand people. There is one thing I will say for this reunion—different from any other I have attended—the veterans were honored. They were given the first place at all times and in all things. Actually I got on a crowded car and a young lady jumped up and told me to sit down. Madam, I cannot sit while a lady is standing. I am young, you are old. I am at home, you are the guest of honor. And nothing would do but I must sit down, which I did at her bidding."

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Sighting me, she cried: "Together, we could dance o'er like a feather!" And I murmured: "Dare the weather? Nerve like hers is hard to beat!" But I did what I had oughter—namely, seized Eve's helpless daughter. By the chin, and, treading water, started off across the street.

But as sure as I'm no liar, all the flood just then rose higher. Than the tallest stoopie spire that was ever made to stand; And though I used all my powers, peering through the pouring showers, And swam on and on for hours—there was not a spot to land!

Well—there were no boats for boating, so I delftly started floating. With that maiden, delft and dotting, hanging hefty on my neck; And for 19 days or more, I must needs keep up the bore, Till at last the seas grew lower and I set her down, by Heck!

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"Pond lilies in my cellar."—Life.

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The revenue derived from a tax on swollen fortunes might be appropriately applied to fattening out the shrunken ones. How about it, Mr. President?  
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But as sure as I'm no liar, all the flood just then rose higher. Than the tallest stoopie spire that was ever made to stand; And though I used all my powers, peering through the pouring showers, And swam on and on for hours—there was not a spot to land!

Well—there were no boats for boating, so I delftly started floating. With that maiden, delft and dotting, hanging hefty on my neck; And for 19 days or more, I must needs keep up the bore, Till at last the seas grew lower and I set her down, by Heck!

Then observed that strange puella whose phænomena was, hap, bella: "Hand me, please, my red umbrella! I'm across and so—good-by!" Well, I deemed that most unthankfully, and I thought: "Girls do act rankly!" While the weather does so dankly, they should stay at home, say I."

MERELY JOKING.

In the Suburbs.  
"Itaining anything on your place this year?"  
"Pond lilies in my cellar."—Life.

THE CHAMPION HYPNOTIST.

The Baltimore News has discovered that Mr. William J. Bryan is a hypnotist. "At the banquet following his lecture," says our contemporary, "he simply suggested the thought, and without stopping to think what they were doing, all the Anti-Bryanites among the Democrats assembled in the Eutaw dining-room cheered him to the echo, and the anti-government ownership men applauded, not because they believed in government ownership of railroads, but because Bryan made them believe they believed in it. After it was all over they had to shake themselves, and even Senator Rayner, who sat two chairs away from the Nebraska, looked as though he had heard quite a speech on the question of party expediency and necessity."

This is no new discovery. Mr. Bryan's hypnotic powers first came into public notice in 1896. His famous speech in the convention of that year hypnotized the whole congregation and gained the nomination for him before he had left the platform. The same power was manifested in the convention of 1904. When he spoke his words seemed to be as so many cloven tongues of fire, proceeding from his mouth and falling finally upon the heads of his hearers. The crowds in the galleries did not pretend to resist the magic influence. They yelled and cavorted and did stunts, and it is our deliberate opinion that if none of the delegates had been instructed, by an adroit movement the convention could have been swept off its feet and stampeded to the hypnotist.

Those who do not care to be hypnotized by Mr. Bryan should be careful how they put themselves within the influence of his magic.  
The feat of the Richmond Howitzers, in accomplishing thirty-eight miles over bad roads in a single day's march, is said to be unequalled in military records. Virginia soldiers have always made something of a specialty of doing things which the other fellows regarded as impossible.  
"The Virginia military are certainly unequalled in the United States," says President Roosevelt. The President's great strength as a speechmaker lies in the directness and force with which he expresses the thoughts that are in everybody else's mind.  
However enthusiastically the Houston Post may gorge itself three times a day on those delicious headlines, it is as abundant within easy reach of its office, we will wager that it cannot be happy till it has topped off with a long cool smoke of fragrant Virginia tobacco.  
The Medical Journal asserts that the film of a soap bubble is the thinnest thing in the world. Our esteemed contemporary ought to read some trust arguments for the Dingley tariff.  
The revenue derived from a tax on swollen fortunes might be appropriately applied to fattening out the shrunken ones. How about it, Mr. President?  
Just around the corner waits the glad scene of the delicious Juneapple, a rarely toothsome fruit which reaches full perfection nowhere outside of Virginia.  
Berlin, according to the Indianapolis News, has an automobile heresy. This must make it more of an incentive than ever to die quickly in Berlin.

Rhymes for To-Day.

IN THE RAINY SEASON.  
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